SHIWAN KHAN SCHEMES--
THE Shadow STRIKES!
SHADOW STRIKES
10
JUN 90
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EDUARDO BARRETO
FIREWORKS
PART THREE
by Jones & Barreto

WITH JOHNNY DC

I was accosted in the hall the other day by one of our unsung heroes, Production's **Steven Bové**. "How come you never write about us?" he asked. Good question. Since Production is the backbone of the company, it's high time they had their moment in the sun. Let's take a look at who makes up the Production Department:

Bob Rozakis still claims to be the Meanest Man in Comics, but fewer and fewer people believe him. His latest achievement was retiring from the DC Bullets softball team, joining an august body of retirees including **Yogi Berra** and **Mike Schmidt**. Our Production Director is ably assisted these days by **Fred Ruiz**, a tall, quiet man who still looks at our business with a bemused expression on his face. Fred, one of the sweeter guys you'd want to meet, was recently selected by the entire DC staff, along with **Archie Goodwin**, as the Best New Face in 1989 . . .

Assisting Bob and Fred is the attractive **Aedin Kavanagh**, coming to DC from London. She says, "Being such a serious person, I never imagined I'd be a part of the world of comics, and here I am amongst the biggest bunch of comedians one could ever come across." In addition to supporting the department, Aedin is responsible for returning the original art to our artists.

One of the funniest guys in Production is veteran **Albert DeGuzman**. In addition to being an ace letterer, Albie puts together cover mechanicals and this past Valentine's Day ran a kissing booth. Albie also likes to buy houses in New Jersey and would eventually like to own Manhattan. He was voted one of the Best Smelling members of our staff.

Overseeing the covers is **Bob Le Rose**, one of the best-natured guys around. A superb bowler, Bob is also an accomplished colorist and enjoys doing watercolor landscapes when not rooting for the Mets. After all these years, he still enjoys the challenge of putting covers together.

Steven Bové is our Interiors Coordinator, watching everyone to maintain consistency and excellence in our comics. When the toughest or most complicated jobs come through, Steven invariably gets the task. A major fan of Dolphin, he has pencilled her story for SECRET ORIGINS #50 and hopes for a chance to do more with her. Steven, it should be noted, is the guy editors go running to when a major problem erupts.

Kenneth Hill is the newest member of the team, having joined in February. He observes, "Anyone who thinks being a production artist is a simple job is wrong. This can be a tough assignment." Ken wants to learn all he can and develop his skills as a penciller, desiring a crack at JUSTICE LEAGUE AMERICA or Booster Gold.

Ana Dempsey is another production artist who has a sunny disposition and a steady hand. In addition to her regular work, she is practicing to become a freelance letterer and also aspires to being a children's books illustrator. She lives with her husband and three kittens.

Jerry Acarno has learned what it's like to be on the other side, having been an inker at DC and Marvel since the early '80s. He therefore has a lot more patience for the kinds of corrections he's called on to make than some others are. Jerry is a major Golden Age fan and has been thrilled to do freelance work with the likes of **Joe Orlando** and **Carmine Infantino**. While Ana specializes in lettering corrections, Jerry's the guy who gets the tough art corrections. He also wants to personally revive Phantom Lady.

Cheryl J. Smith-Owens started off doing freelance mechanical work for the company, but she was too good to lose so we hired her full-time. Winner of the Best Shoes Award, Cheryl does mechanical work for covers, sets type, and handles whatever other odd jobs are called for. Married, with a son, Cheryl wants to design a children's book about learning and safety.

Aiding and abetting the above are stat technicians **Lauchland Pelie** and **Rob Gaines**. Lauchland is a budding penciller with a bright future ahead of him, while Rob desires world domination but would settle for being a freelance writer. "Spending seven hours a day in a darkroom, seeing everything in shades of red, does something to a person's mind."

Rounding out Production is proofreader **Arlene Lo**. While all editors proofread their own books, Arlene, DC's lone, official proofreader, gets to check just about everything the company publishes—including inside-cover features like this one! "When my job is explained to visitors, it's usually said that I check spelling and grammar in our books; but proofreading a completed story is as much a matter of looking for missing words, repeated words, wrong words, bad breaks, and misplaced balloon pointers. I've been reading comic books for fun for more than 30 years; I enjoy proofreading them just as much. When I'm not checking something for DC, I think about all the newspapers and books and magazines I haven't read and feel very guilty." A graduate of Barnard College, Arlene's goals include: to rid the English language of expressions like 'more importantly' and 'enthuse,' and to empty the 'To Be Pruf-Red' rack in Bob Rozakis's office. World domination sounds good to her, too. Arlene's husband is writer **Allan Asherman**, a former editorial assistant at DC.

Finishing the department are the boys in Flushing—the guys who handle color separations on our nifty color computers. It's a growing department and one that has more than its share of eccentrics.

The leader of the pack is **Danny Vozzo**, captain of the DC Bullets and would-be rock star. His band, Too Much Wow, wants to remake "Hot Diggity, Dog Ziggity." Danny also wants to sample as many Mexican restaurants as possible and pose for Soloflex ads. Danny colors DOOM PATROL right on the screen and was nominated for the 1989 Harvey Awards.

Eric Kachelhofer read a piece on DC's color computers and wrote Bob Rozakis, never expecting to be hired. He moved up from Georgia with his wife **Linda** and their son **Daniel**. Missing his daughter **Kira** very much—she resides with his first wife—Eric plows into his work, coloring DRAGONLANCE on the screen and hand-coloring EL DIABLO and ATLANTIS CHRONICLES. He would like to bring more European influences to bear on American comics.

Rick Rodstrom is the local intellectual, although he continues to vote for losing presidential candidates. He'd like to become a freelance colorist and write an episode of *The Simpsons*.

All **Don Lambert** offered was his way of life—"martial arts"—and his goal of "enlightenment." He also handles the computer pretty deftly, too.

Jamal Tate is a graduate of our intern program and is a self-proclaimed prankster. Jamal's hobbies include fixing his hair, dressing to the fullest, and making ridiculous, yet political, statements.

Finally, there's **Dave Tanguay**, another guy who'd like to color comics full-time. Dave paints, watches movies, plays video games (sounds kinda normal to me) and lives with his wife **Grace** and their five cats. He'd like to one day win the Publisher's Clearing House Sweepstakes and throw Robin Leach out of his house.

What a bunch—we'd be lost without them!

—Johnny DC

DC LIST

THIS WEEK

V FOR VENDETTA
Now collected in a trade paperback: Alan Moore and David Lloyd's stark view of 1990s England. ◫▲

SGT. ROCK SPECIAL 8
More blood-stained tales of World War II, starring the Combat-Happy Joes of Easy Company. ●

THE SHADOW STRIKES! 10
The Shadow comes face to face with his arch-enemy, Shiwan Khan. The clock is ticking—can The Shadow stop the evil genius's master plan? ◆▶

ADVANCED DUNGEONS & DRAGONS 19
In Waterdeep, enter the Avatar of Selune, goddess of the Moon. But Luna is the goddess of the Moon . . . isn't she? ■▶

NEW GODS 17
Metron decides to investigate the meaning of evil, but in the process he learns more about Darkseid than even he wanted to know. ■▶

BUGS BUNNY 1
An all-new three-issue miniseries as Bugs and Daffy encounter a sinister plan involving . . . the ancestors of Elmer Fudd? ●

DETECTIVE COMICS 616
A mysterious stranger taps an ancient force, unleashing fear and dread onto the streets of Gotham City—including the Caped Crusader. ●

LEGEND

● Standard Format
■ New Format
◆ Deluxe Format
▶ Available at Select Outlets
★ Prestige Format
□ Graphic Novel
◫ Collected Edition
▲ Suggested for Mature Readers

CHINATOWN, SAN FRANCISCO, 3:00 A.M.
YOU HAVE SERVED ME WELL, LAD. I NOW HAVE A CLUE TO MY OPPONENT'S NATURE.
BUT FROM HERE, I MUST HUNT DOWN THE MONGOLS WHO SOUGHT YOUR DEATH. THE DANGER WILL BE GREAT-- YOU MUST GO HOME.
BUT I CAN'T, SIR, I LIVE OVER IN OAKLAND --AND THE LAST FERRY BOAT ALREADY LEFT.
I SEE...
WELL, THEN...
...COME ALONG. I HAVE RENTED AN APARTMENT FOR TWO OF MY AGENTS. THEY CAN SHELTER YOU.
YOUR --YOUR AGENTS? THE SHADOW'S AGENTS?! OH, MAN--
--WAIT'LL I TELL THE FELLAS!
1

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WING YEE SOCIETY... WING BING JOO CLUB... WONG HA SIN...

'BOUT TIME, BOSS. I'VE SPENT THE LAST FOUR HOURS WRITING DOWN EVERY CHINESE "BENEVOLENT SOCIETY," "TRADE ORGANIZATION, MAH JONG CLUB, AND...

WHO'S THE KID?

A WITNESS-- TO ONE OF MANY STRANGE MURDERS. THERE IS A GREAT EVIL AT LARGE, HARRY VINCENT...

...I MAY NEED TO GIVE YOU A PAINFUL ASSIGNMENT.

BOSS, NOTHING COULD BE MORE PAINFUL THAN THIS.

HAS AGENT LANE REPORTED?

NOT A WORD...

"...SHE MUST HAVE COME UP WITH SOMETHING BIG."

THE BOMBS

A GREAT PLAN DEPENDS UPON THOSE BOMBS, JACKIE. A PLAN FOR THE FUTURE OF ASIA. AND THE FUTURE OF ASIA IS THE FUTURE OF THE WORLD.

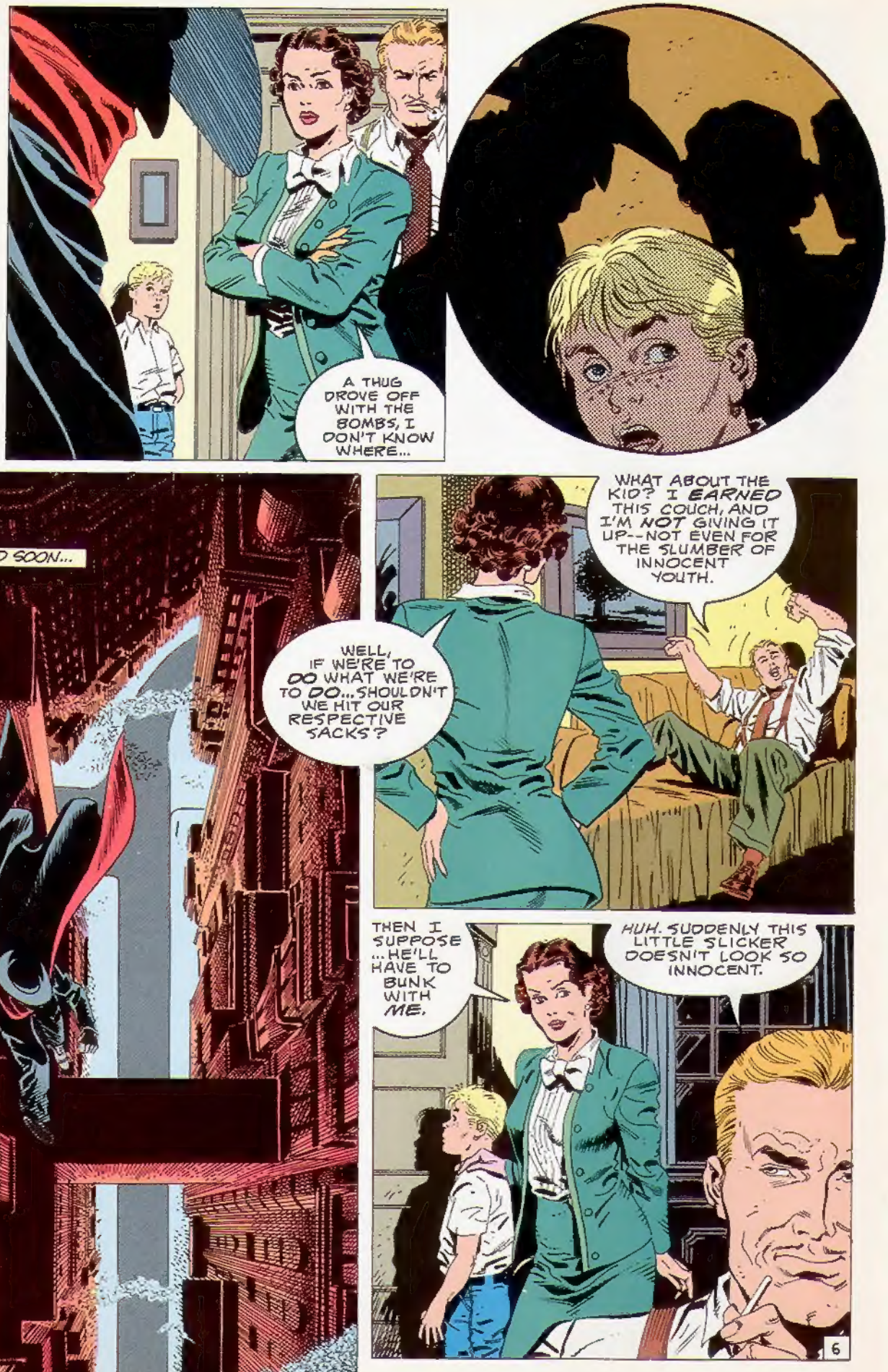
WHERE, JACKIE? WHERE DID YOUR FRIEND TAKE MY BOMBS?

FIREWORKS PART 3

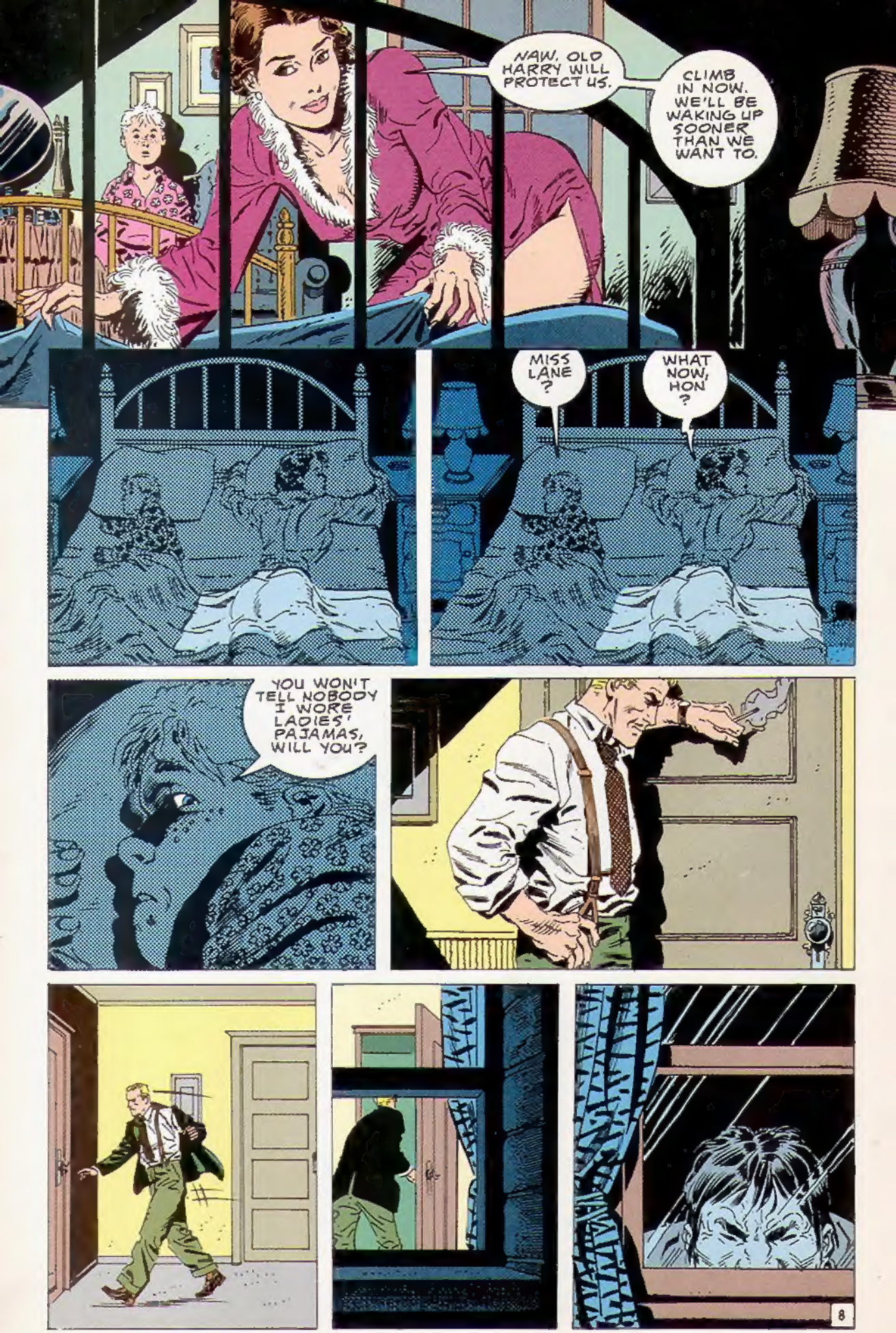
GERARD JONES, WRITER • EDUARDO BARRETO, ARTIST
J.W., LETTERER • ANTHONY TOLLIN, COLORIST
BRIAN AUGUSTYN, GREAT KHAN

YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE ME--I DON'T KNOW! I WAS JUST GONNA BLOW TOWN WITH THE GOODS --JUST TO BALL YOU UP BECAUSE--
--BECAUSE OF MY FATHER--
I STILL HOLD YOUR FATHER.
IF YOU CARE ABOUT HIM... IF YOU CARE ABOUT YOURSELF ...YOU WILL HELP ME.
PLEASE, I CAN'T. I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW THEY WERE BOMBS. PLEASE...
DAMN THIS WESTERN WORLD. AND DAMN THE TIDES OF HISTORY THAT LEAVE ME DEPENDENT UPON IT.
I CHOSE YOU TO STEAL THOSE BOMBS BECAUSE YOUR FLOWERING AMERICANISM MADE YOU SO EASILY CORRUPTIBLE.
BUT LIKE ANY AMERICAN, YOU ARE INCAPABLE OF SEEING THE FUTURE... INCAPABLE OF WAITING...
PLEASE. I'LL HELP YOU! I'LL DO ANY-THING!
PLEASE --NO--
AAAAAAA
WELL. IT APPEARS THAT WE MUST FIND THOSE BOMBS ON OUR OWN.

OKAY, FIVE IN A ROW, THAT'S CALLED A "STRAIGHT." THAT BEATS A FULL HOUSE. NOW...
TOMORROW MORNING, INSPECTOR. I WILL COME TO YOU AS LAMONT CRANSTON!
CHIEF! I STRUCK GOLD!
IT'S ABOUT BOMBS-- AIRPLANE BOMBS-- STOLEN FROM A GROUP CALLED THE BOO SING TOY BY A...
...BY A...
WHO'S THE KID?
I BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND WHAT WE ARE FACING.
QUICKLY. TELL ME ALL THAT YOU HAVE LEARNED.
5

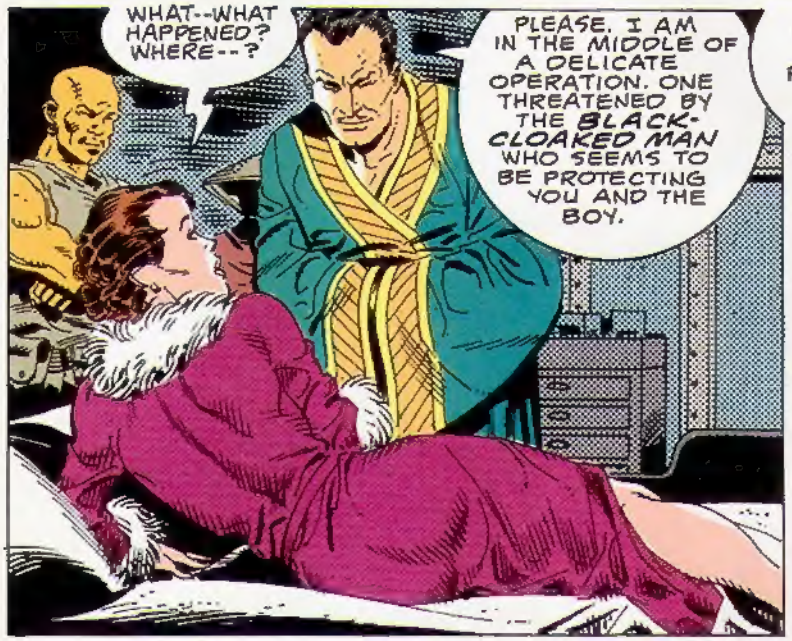

A THUG DROVE OFF WITH THE BOMBS, I DON'T KNOW WHERE...
AND SOON...
WELL, IF WE'RE TO DO WHAT WE'RE TO DO... SHOULDN'T WE HIT OUR RESPECTIVE SACKS?
WHAT ABOUT THE KID? I EARNED THIS COUCH, AND I'M NOT GIVING IT UP--NOT EVEN FOR THE SLUMBER OF INNOCENT YOUTH.
THEN I SUPPOSE ...HE'LL HAVE TO BUNK WITH ME.
HUH. SUDDENLY THIS LITTLE SLICKER DOESN'T LOOK SO INNOCENT.
6

DID I...
DID I DO SOMETHING WRONG, MR. VINCENT?
SLOW LEARNER, AREN'T YOU, RUSS? YOU JUST GET IN THERE. AND HAVE SWEET DREAMS...
...KNOWING YOU MADE A SOUR OLD MAN WISH HE WERE A KID AGAIN.
MISS LANE?
UH-HUH.
DOES THE SHADOW HAVE AGENTS LIKE YOU EVERYWHERE?
A LOT OF PLACES.
HOW DID YOU GET TO BE THE SHADOW'S AGENT?
WELL... I CAN'T TELL YOU THAT.
BUT... RUSSELL, LISTEN TO ME... SOMEDAY YOU'LL MEET A NICE GIRL AND YOU'LL WANT TO HAVE A LIFE TOGETHER...
AW, GOSH, MISS LANE!
I'M JUST TELLING YOU...
SOMETIMES IT'S FUN TO BE THE SHADOW'S AGENT. SOMETIMES IT'S INSPIRING.
BUT NONE OF US ARE DOING THIS BECAUSE WE CHOSE IT.
MISS LANE?
YES?
ARE WE IN DANGER?


NAW, OLD HARRY WILL PROTECT US.
CLIMB IN NOW. WE'LL BE WAKING UP SOONER THAN WE WANT TO.
MISS LANE?
WHAT NOW, HON?
YOU WON'T TELL NOBODY I WORE LADIES' PAJAMAS, WILL YOU?
8

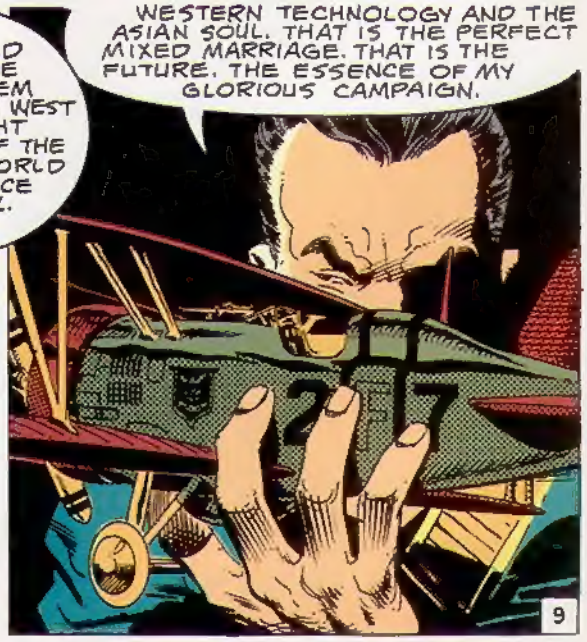
GOOD MORNING, MISS LANE.

IT IS MISS LANE, YES? THE PAPERS IN YOUR PURSE GIVE YOU MORE THAN ONE IDENTITY...
...BUT "MARGO LANE" PREDOMINATED.
I SAW NO MENTION OF YOUR EMPLOYER OR MISSION, BUT I HAVE LEARNED THAT...


WHAT--WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE--?
PLEASE. I AM IN THE MIDDLE OF A DELICATE OPERATION. ONE THREATENED BY THE BLACK-CLOAKED MAN WHO SEEMS TO BE PROTECTING YOU AND THE BOY.

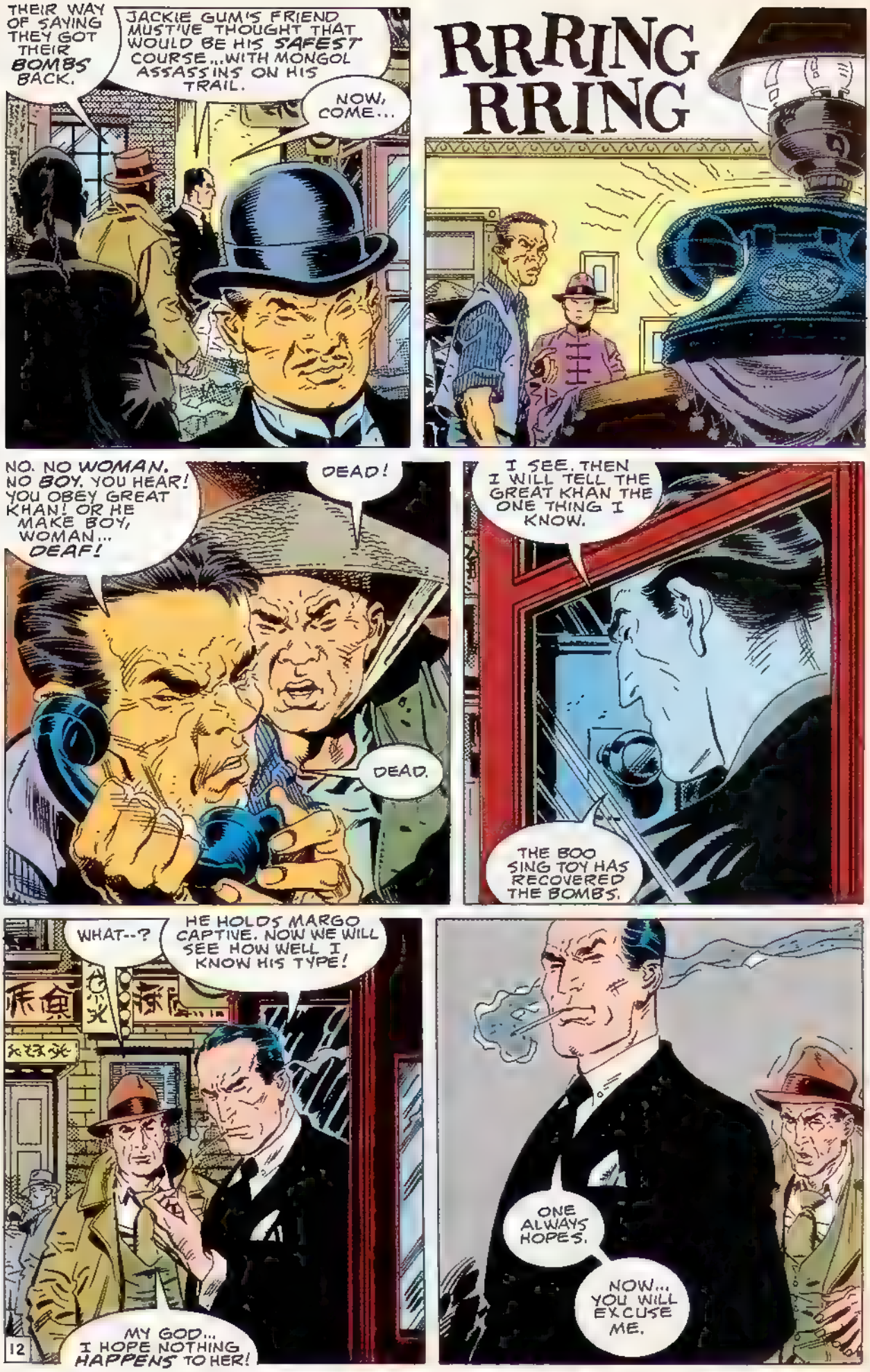
ALL I ASK OF YOU, MISS LANE, IS HELP IN RETRIEVING MY STOLEN PROPERTY.
NO! THE BOMBS ARE NOT FOR YOU! THEY ARE FOR THE FREEDOM OF CHINA!

AND I WILL USE THEM FOR THE FREEDOM OF CHINA. BUT YOU, DOCTOR, YOU HAVE CONFUSED TRUE FREEDOM WITH THAT IMITATION WESTERN GOVERNMENT OF CHI'ANG KAI SHEK.
POOR OLD FAUST, HE TAUGHT THEM NOTHING. THE WEST HAS BOUGHT MASTERY OF THE MATERIAL WORLD AT THE PRICE OF ITS SOUL.
I AM ALWAYS DISTRESSED AT HOW THE VIRUS OF WESTERNISM HAS INFECTED EVEN ASIA'S TRADITIONALISTS.


WESTERN TECHNOLOGY AND THE ASIAN SOUL. THAT IS THE PERFECT MIXED MARRIAGE. THAT IS THE FUTURE. THE ESSENCE OF MY GLORIOUS CAMPAIGN.

AND WHAT IS THIS "GLORIOUS CAMPAIGN"?
MISS LANE. MISS LANE... YOU'VE MISJUDGED ME IF YOU THINK I'M THE SORT OF FOOL WHO TAKES WOMEN CAPTIVE ONLY TO BABBLE OUT HIS PLANS TO THEM.
I SIMPLY WANT YOU TO CALL YOUR DARK COMPANION AND TELL HIM--
I CAN'T CALL HIM. HE PLANS TO CALL ME.
AH. THEN I MUST DISPATCH ONE OF MY MEN TO YOUR ROOM TO GIVE HIM MY MESSAGE... THAT IF HE DOESN'T COOPERATE WITH ME, YOU AND THE BOY WILL BOTH DIE.
TEA, MISS LANE?
IT'S JASMINE.
I HAVE HEARD HIS NAME WHISPERED IN THE TAVERNS OF SHANGHAI.
ALONG THE DOCKS OF CANTON, IN THE BANDIT HILLS ABOVE CHENGDU, IN THE GLITTERING CLUBS OF HARBIN... THEY SPEAK OF HIM.
SHIWAN KHAN. DIRECT DESCENDANT OF GENGHIS KHAN. MASSING AN ARMY IN THE BELLY OF CHINA TO LAUNCH ANEW HIS ANCESTOR'S WAVE OF CONQUEST.
I TOOK IT FOR A MYTH, BORN OF THE DISTRESS OF CHINA'S FAMINE AND CIVIL WAR.
NO LONGER.
10

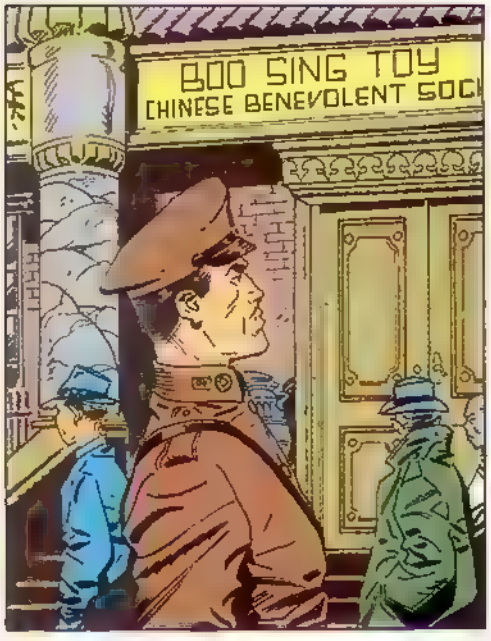
OH... BROTHER.
SHADOW... MR. CRANSTON... WHEN YOU ASKED ME TO BE YOUR LOCAL POLICE CONTACT, I SAW US STOPPING OPIUM SMUGGLERS, TONG WARS...
...BUT MONGOL CONQUERORS! I DON'T...
SAY.
SEE THAT STIFF? HE'S WITH THE BOO SING TOY SOCIETY.
WHENEVER THE SOCIETIES SLAP UP THOSE POSTERS, IT MEANS A SHAKE-UP... OR A CHALLENGE... OR A VENDETTA BREWING...
"... MAYBE WE SHOULD TAKE A LOOK-SEE."
I'LL SHOW YOU SOMETHING A LITTLE TRICK I WORKED OUT DURING THE TONG-WAR DAYS.
COME IN CLOSE.
SEE, IF I PRETENDED TO BE ABLE TO READ THIS STUFF, THE WISE-GUYS WOULD THINK THE POLICE WERE ONTO THEM--
--AND THEY'D START TO MAKE MISTAKES.
THAT IS VERY CLEVER...
...BUT I HAVE NO NEED TO PRE-TEND.
OH.
"GREAT JOY BRIGHTENS THE HEART OF OUR SOCIETY..."

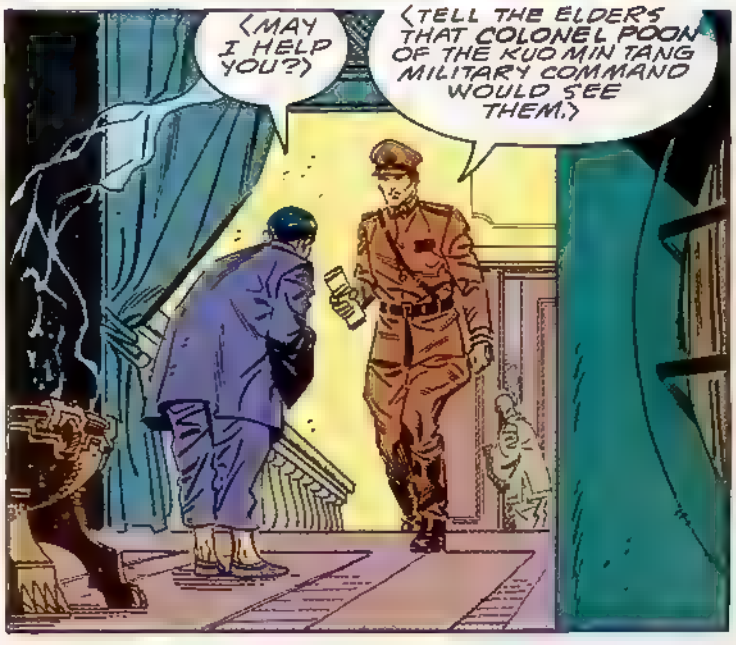

THEIR WAY OF SAYING THEY GOT THEIR BOMBS BACK.
JACKIE GUM'S FRIEND MUST'VE THOUGHT THAT WOULD BE HIS SAFEST COURSE...WITH MONGOL ASSASSINS ON HIS TRAIL.
NOW, COME...
RRRING RRING
NO. NO WOMAN. NO BOY. YOU HEAR! YOU OBEY GREAT KHAN! OR HE MAKE BOY, WOMAN... DEAF!
DEAD!
DEAD.
I SEE. THEN I WILL TELL THE GREAT KHAN THE ONE THING I KNOW.
THE BOO SING TOY HAS RECOVERED THE BOMBS.
WHAT--?
HE HOLDS MARGO CAPTIVE. NOW WE WILL SEE HOW WELL I KNOW HIS TYPE!
MY GOD... I HOPE NOTHING HAPPENS TO HER!
ONE ALWAYS HOPES.
NOW... YOU WILL EXCUSE ME.

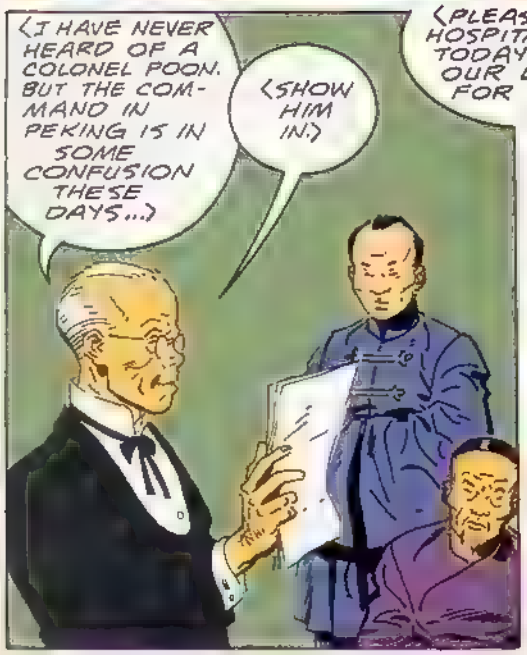
ULIAT BUJON CHA?
ALL PIECES ARE STILL IN PLACE. THE COAST GUARD BELIEVES THIS SHIP TO BE JUST A FIRE-WORKS SMUGGLER, AS DOES THE PORT OF SHANGHAI.
NO ONE WILL QUESTION US, LEAVING OR ARRIVING.
THE COAST GUARD ITSELF AUTHORIZED THE SUPPLY BOATS, WHICH WILL BRING THE BOMBS HERE. AND EVEN SHOULD THIS "SHADOW" BETRAY US--
--HE KNOWS NOTHING OF THIS SHIP.
WE NEED ONLY TO GET THE BOMBS FROM THE BOO SING TOY. AND THAT I SHALL TRUST ONLY TO MYSELF.
A LOVELY CITY, ISN'T IT, CHAMUR? WE SHOULD BUILD ONE OF THESE OURSELVES, SOMEDAY.

THE PAPERS.

YOU CLUCKED YOUR TONGUE WHEN I PAID FOR THESE FORGERIES, CHAMUR. THIS WILL TEACH YOU--
BETTER TO HAVE A HUNDRED WEAPONS TOO MANY THAN TO LACK THE ONE YOU NEED.

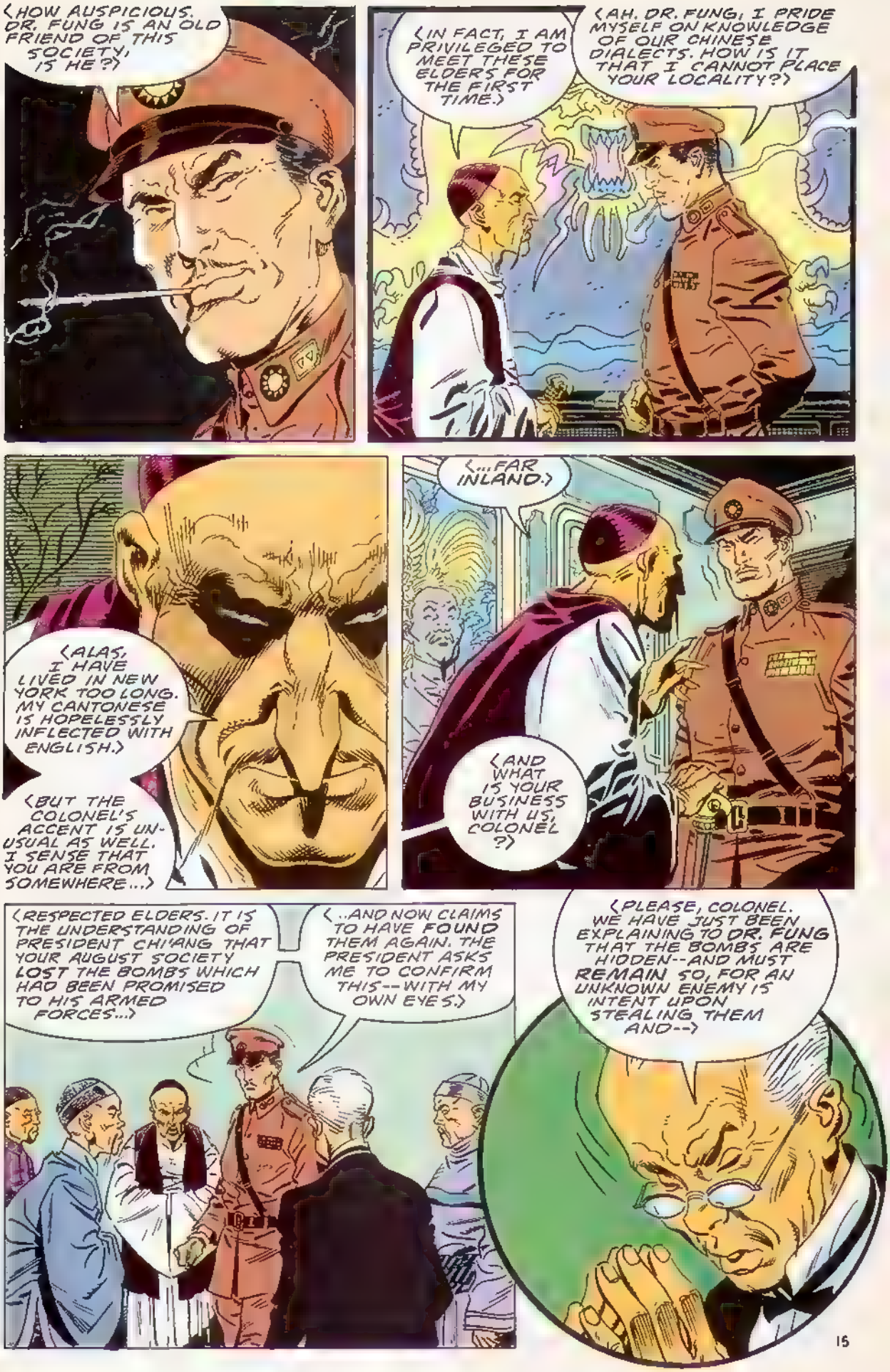

BOO SING TOY
CHINESE BENEVOLENT SOC

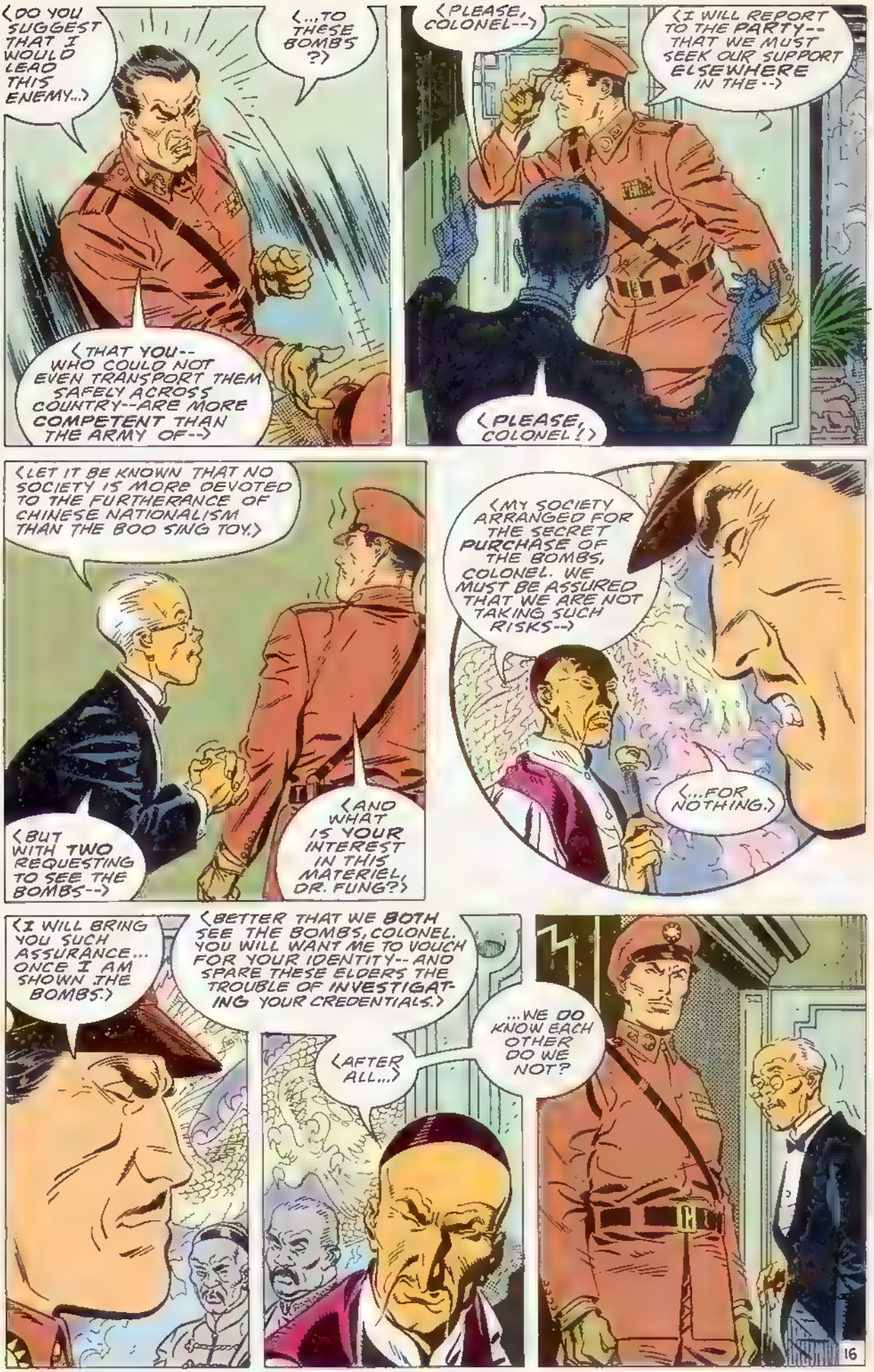

〈MAY I HELP YOU?〉
〈TELL THE ELDERS THAT COLONEL POON OF THE KUO MIN TANG MILITARY COMMAND WOULD SEE THEM.〉


〈I HAVE NEVER HEARD OF A COLONEL POON. BUT THE COMMAND IN PEKING IS IN SOME CONFUSION THESE DAYS...〉
〈SHOW HIM IN.〉

〈PLEASE ENJOY OUR HOSPITALITY, COLONEL. TODAY SEEMS TO BE OUR LUCKY DAY FOR VISITORS.〉
〈ONLY THIS MORNING, WE WERE JOINED BY AN ELDER OF ONE OF OUR BROTHER SOCIETIES IN NEW YORK...〉

〈...DR. SIN LO FUNG.〉


〈HOW AUSPICIOUS. DR. FUNG IS AN OLD FRIEND OF THIS SOCIETY, IS HE?〉
〈IN FACT, I AM PRIVILEGED TO MEET THESE ELDERS FOR THE FIRST TIME.〉
〈AH. DR. FUNG, I PRIDE MYSELF ON KNOWLEDGE OF OUR CHINESE DIALECTS. HOW IS IT THAT I CANNOT PLACE YOUR LOCALITY?〉
〈ALAS, I HAVE LIVED IN NEW YORK TOO LONG. MY CANTONESE IS HOPELESSLY INFLECTED WITH ENGLISH.〉
〈BUT THE COLONEL'S ACCENT IS UNUSUAL AS WELL. I SENSE THAT YOU ARE FROM SOMEWHERE...〉
〈...FAR INLAND.〉
〈AND WHAT IS YOUR BUSINESS WITH US, COLONEL?〉
〈RESPECTED ELDERS. IT IS THE UNDERSTANDING OF PRESIDENT CHI'ANG THAT YOUR AUGUST SOCIETY LOST THE BOMBS WHICH HAD BEEN PROMISED TO HIS ARMED FORCES...〉
〈..AND NOW CLAIMS TO HAVE FOUND THEM AGAIN. THE PRESIDENT ASKS ME TO CONFIRM THIS--WITH MY OWN EYES.〉
〈PLEASE, COLONEL. WE HAVE JUST BEEN EXPLAINING TO DR. FUNG THAT THE BOMBS ARE HIDDEN--AND MUST REMAIN SO, FOR AN UNKNOWN ENEMY IS INTENT UPON STEALING THEM AND--〉


〈DO YOU SUGGEST THAT I WOULD LEAD THIS ENEMY...〉
〈...TO THESE BOMBS?〉
〈THAT YOU-- WHO COULD NOT EVEN TRANSPORT THEM SAFELY ACROSS COUNTRY--ARE MORE COMPETENT THAN THE ARMY OF--〉
〈PLEASE, COLONEL--〉
〈I WILL REPORT TO THE PARTY-- THAT WE MUST SEEK OUR SUPPORT ELSEWHERE IN THE--〉
〈PLEASE, COLONEL!〉
〈LET IT BE KNOWN THAT NO SOCIETY IS MORE DEVOTED TO THE FURTHERANCE OF CHINESE NATIONALISM THAN THE BOO SING TOY.〉
〈BUT WITH TWO REQUESTING TO SEE THE BOMBS--〉
〈AND WHAT IS YOUR INTEREST IN THIS MATERIEL, DR. FUNG?〉
〈MY SOCIETY ARRANGED FOR THE SECRET PURCHASE OF THE BOMBS, COLONEL. WE MUST BE ASSURED THAT WE ARE NOT TAKING SUCH RISKS--〉
〈...FOR NOTHING.〉
〈I WILL BRING YOU SUCH ASSURANCE... ONCE I AM SHOWN THE BOMBS.〉
〈BETTER THAT WE BOTH SEE THE BOMBS, COLONEL. YOU WILL WANT ME TO VOUCH FOR YOUR IDENTITY-- AND SPARE THESE ELDERS THE TROUBLE OF INVESTIGATING YOUR CREDENTIALS.〉
〈AFTER ALL...〉
...WE DO KNOW EACH OTHER DO WE NOT?

(JUST AT THE END OF THIS ALLEY.)
(WAIT, PLEASE. I WILL ALERT THE GUARDS THAT THEY SHOULD ADMIT US.)
(WHAT SORT OF MAN DO YOU IMAGINE WOULD HAVE TRIED TO STEAL THESE BOMBS, COLONEL? QUITE A FOOL, I WOULD THINK.)
(VERY POSSIBLY.)
(OR PERHAPS HE IS ONE OF THOSE CURSED-AND-BLESSED SOULS WHOSE VISION IS SO VAST THAT LESSER MEN CAN ONLY SEE HIM AS A FOOL.)
(COME QUICKLY, PLEASE! THE BOMBS ARE READY TO BE--)
BAM!
NOW!
17

CHA KHAN-SHAI!
THE BOMBS! GET THE BOMBS!
BAM BAM
THOP
AAA
BAM BAM
AND YOU--
BAM
WOK

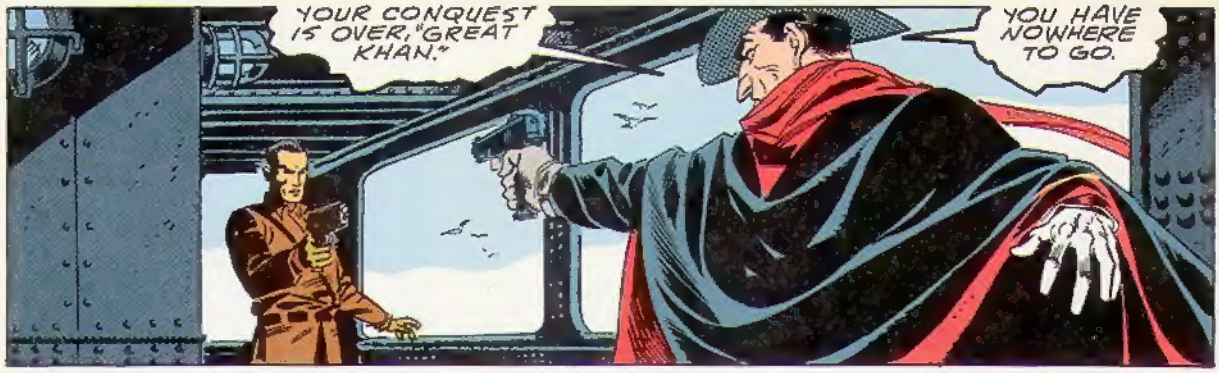
CHAK
AAUGH
BLAM BLAM
KHAN-SHAI! GURVAN SAIBUL --?
YES! YES! KILL THEM ALL!
AND NOW--
NO
WHERE ARE YOU?
DAMN YOU.
WHERE ARE YOU?
DARI COJBAL! DARI! DARI!
19

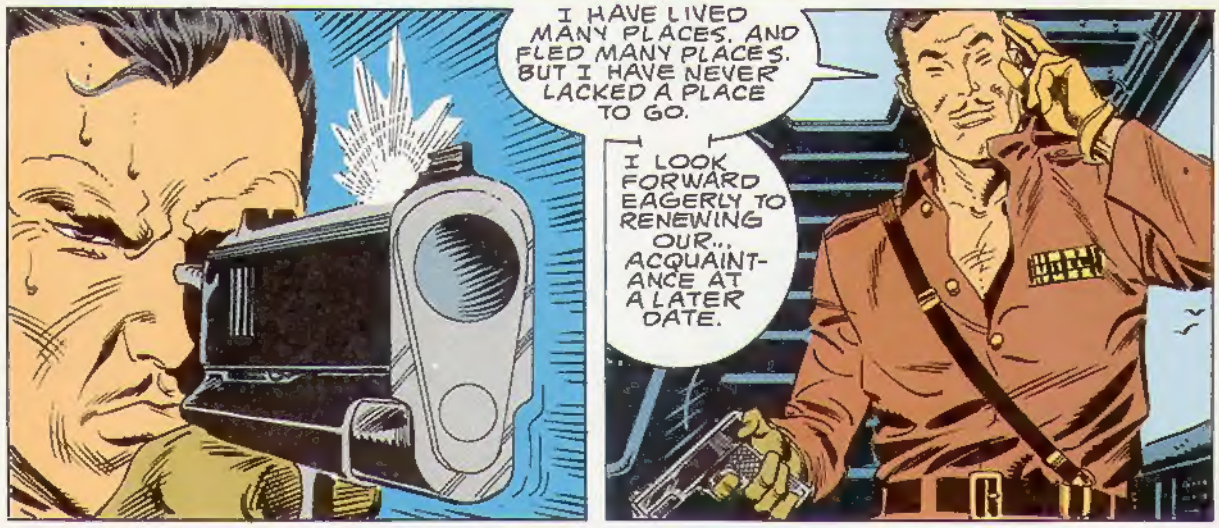
RRRAP!
RRRRR
COVER THEM ALL! QUICKLY!
THE "MORNING STAR." ANCHORED OFF CHINA BASIN.

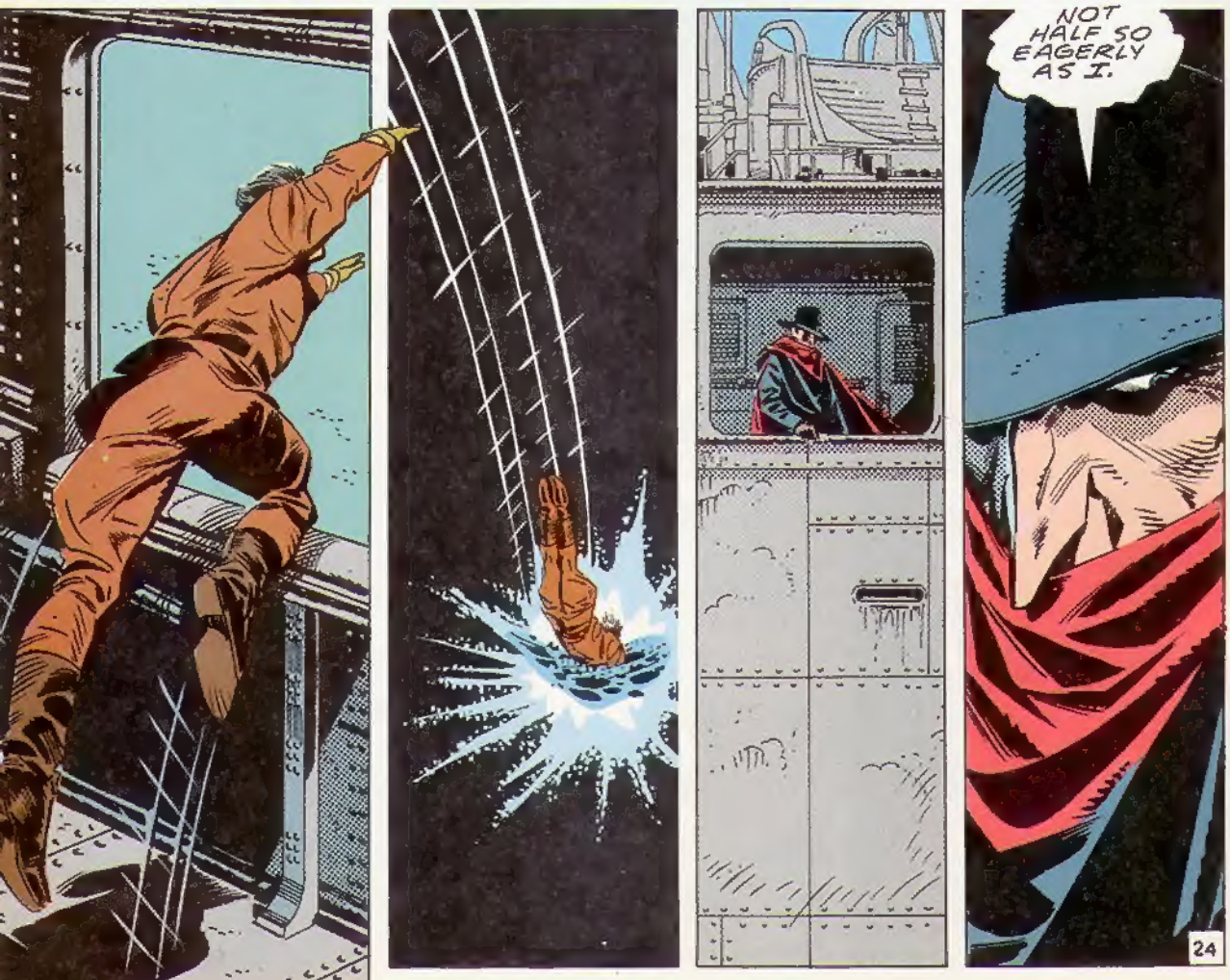
CHAMUR--HAVE WE TRULY DONE IT? NO ONE FOLLOWED THE TRUCK--THE BOO SING TOY DOESN'T DARE CALL THE POLICE--
--AND WILL ANYONE QUESTION A SMALL FREIGHTER SAILING BACK TO SHANGHAI?
LET'S GO! LET'S GO--
SAN FRANCISCO P.D. HARBOR PATROL
"--THEY'RE STARTING!"
VREEE
HOLD YOUR FEET STILL, RUSS.
DON'T FUSS, CHILD I MUST THANK YOU ALL FOR WHAT YOU HAVE DONE TO MAKE THIS MISSION A SUCCESS.
HEY, KEEP YOUR HEAD UP WE'RE NOT LICKED YET.
I'M SORRY, MISS LANE... I DIDN'T MEAN TO MAKE ALL THIS TROUBLE... I JUST WANTED TO BUY FIREWORKS...
I JUST WISH I COULD DO SOMETHIN'!

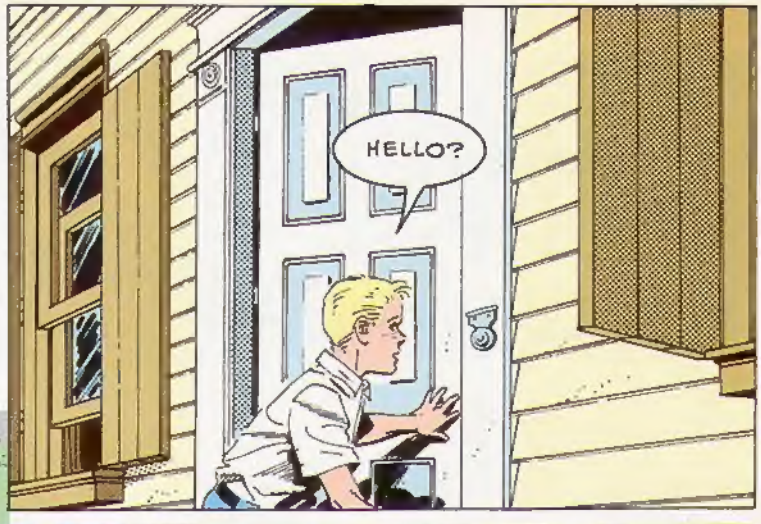
AND, HAVING THANKED YOU, I WILL BRING OUR ASSOCIATION TO A CLOSE.
ARE YOUR LAST THOUGHTS ON THE BOMBS, DR. GUM? PICTURE THEM--RED FLAMES FLOWERING LIKE PEONIES OVER THE KEY CITIES OF CHINA.
"EVERY POWER BLAMING EVERY OTHER GOVERNMENTS THROWN INTO CHAOS. WAR. EXHAUSTING, DEBILITATING WAR.
"THE PERFECT OPPORTUNITY FOR A WELL-TRAINED FORCE THAT KNOWS WHAT IS HAPPENING. THE PERFECT OPPORTUNITY...
"... FOR THE GREAT KHAN TO RESUME HIS SEAT UPON THE THRONE OF ASIA."
WHUMP
KRRR
GULUUM?
KRAK
WHAT --?
BOOM BOOM
NO.
22

RRRGALA!
--CHUUM!
WHOMP
BAM
YA-HOOO!
I DID IT,
MR SHADOW!
I DID IT!


YOUR CONQUEST IS OVER, "GREAT KHAN."
YOU HAVE NOWHERE TO GO.


I HAVE LIVED MANY PLACES. AND FLED MANY PLACES. BUT I HAVE NEVER LACKED A PLACE TO GO.
I LOOK FORWARD EAGERLY TO RENEWING OUR.., ACQUAINT-ANCE AT A LATER DATE.

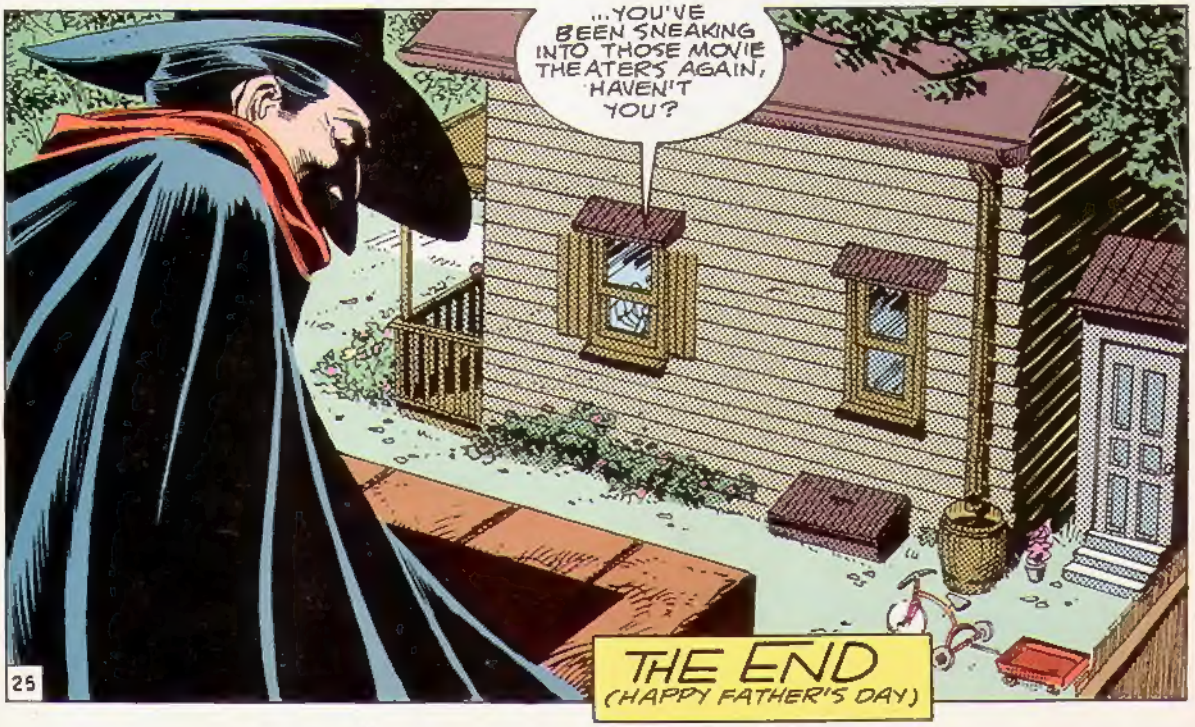

NOT HALF SO EAGERLY AS I.


HELLO?

RUSSELL!
THERE YOU ARE!
AND I WAS AFRAID I'D LOST MY LITTLE BROTHER!

WHERE IN THE HECK WERE YOU ALL NIGHT?
YOU'RE NEVER GONNA BELIEVE IT, BOB!
THESE MONGOLIANS WERE TRYIN' TO KILL ME, AND I HELPED THE SHADOW AND WE STOPPED A WAR--

AND THE LADY, MISS LANE, SHE LIKED ME! AN' WHEN I GET BIGGER, I'M GONNA JOIN 'ER, AND I'LL GO TO CHINA AND I'LL FIGHT EVIL WAR-LORDS AND--
WAIT A MINUTE, BROTHER, WAIT A MINUTE.


...YOU'VE BEEN SNEAKING INTO THOSE MOVIE THEATERS AGAIN, HAVEN'T YOU?
THE END
(HAPPY FATHER'S DAY)

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L-5757

Dear Editor,

From what THE SHADOW STRIKES! reveals in #5, the Shadow-Doc Savage team-up is going to be a lollapalooza! And you're taking just the approach with it I hoped you would—treating them as the Superman-Batman of the 1930's. Two very different heroes, the light and the dark—each with his own methods.

The gangster who described Doc Savage as "the overgrown Boy Scout" hit the nail on the head. That's exactly what Doc is. And The Shadow's attitude about him on page 16 is just in *his* character—he's the only serious one and everybody else is "only playing." If Doc Savage is a millionaire dilettante, then what is Lamont Cranston? Goethe? I don't think these fellows are going to get along, unless the real bad guy is somebody they both hate enough to put aside their differences.

The script has caught the banter between both heroes' supporting characters well, as Ham needles Monk. And the banter between the hoods as to which hero is better and the expression on the Shadow's face as the conversation swings both for and against him is priceless. The response, shall we say, is a rare expression of humanity by this totally serious killing machine. I prefer Doc, because he's the one who knows the most about being a friend.

Doc hasn't met his wife yet, so his overly gentlemanly attitude toward women is fun to witness. He's got Sir Walter Raleigh in him. I still chuckle at the O'Neil-Kubert mini series when he stammered and blushed as he told his men his wife was pregnant. The Shadow, on the other hand, notices girls only on Leap Year Days—and then only to growl at them. The art succeeds in making Doc look brave and bright and The Shadow look spooky and dark. This is going to turn out to be a VERY good idea!

Charles D. Brown
Brentwood, NY

Now that the big four-parter is over with, Charles, I hope you think that it did *turn out to be a very good idea. I know that we had a good time.*

By the way, I think it extremely appropriate that the crossover invoked thoughts of Superman and Batman for you. That's sort of "art imitating the art that imitated it first" in a way, though, if you think about it. Incidentally, the Superman/Batman team reunites for a WORLD'S FINEST adventure for the first time in a long time in the upcoming Prestige Format miniseries of that very title from writer Dave Gibbons, penciller Steve Rude, and inker Karl Kesel. It's coming soon; watch for it.

* * * * *

Hey, Brian,

Who's the party responsible for the layout and execution of the cover of THE SHADOW STRIKES! #5?

It was excellent.

Uncle Elvis
Clarksville, TN

Credit Cover Editor Keith Wilson, DOC SAVAGE editor Jonathan Peterson, and yours truly with the crossover's cover design. More important, though, credit the art team of Eduardo Barreto (pencils and inks) and Adam Kubert (color painting) for the execution on those covers. Thanks for asking.

By the way, Elv, have you moved from Dawson Springs, KY, or what?

* * * * *

Hey, Editor,

I know this is cliched, but...

In almost twenty years of reading comics (that's almost six thousand comics!) I've never written a letter of comment.

Until now.

THE SHADOW STRIKES! is the one that finally forced my hand. A great job all around, with a special nod for Eduardo Barreto's outstanding work.

The current Shadow/Doc Savage team-up is intriguing and it is sustaining my interest even though I was never a fan of Doc Savage before. Maybe his series' move to the 1930's will do for him what it has done for The Shadow.

Anyway, I like the mutual respect that the heroes have gained for each other and I especially like the fact that The Shadow comes off as weirder and more unusual than a gold-skinned supergenius!

Keep up the good work.

Michael Pittelli, Jr.
Staten Island, NY

Glad to have you among the vocal minority at last, Michael. Glad also that you're enjoying the book so much.

Give DOC SAVAGE a try. Mike W. Barr, Rod Whigham and company are having a blast in the past. Why not join them?

* * * * *

Dear Brian, et al.:

I resisted buying THE SHADOW STRIKES! for several issues. I was already buying far more titles than was prudent and also I was still feeling a little spiteful over the cancellation of the Andy Helfer/Kyle Baker series. Then I bought the annual and it was all over for me. I love period pieces, this is my favorite period, and Gerry is *such* a good writer (I guess a guest appearance by Chester Girls would be out of the question).

The key to a '30s setting is dialogue, which must recall James Cagney and the plots, which should be pulpier than fresh-squeezed orange juice. Gerry gives us both without sacrificing the believability of his characters or the stories. He also throws in big chunks of historical detail, making each issue a painless history lesson. It's good stuff.

Mind you, THE SHADOW STRIKES! #6 would have made much more sense if I'd had the opportunity to read DOC SAVAGE #17 first, but I've been following Denny O'Neil's work long enough to take it in stride. I'm convinced the man will be late to his own funeral. I don't feel at much of a disadvantage, though—I already knew Doc wouldn't lobotomize The Shadow; now I just have to find out how.

If I have a complaint about THE SHADOW STRIKES! it's the letters page. I'm growing very tired of correspondents who write in and savage the previous series in the name of praise for the current one. Their letters are peppered with emphasized phrases like *"this* is the *real* Shadow," as if no other interpretation can have any validity. I'd be the first to admit that Helfer and Baker (and Chaykin before them) were irreverent and untraditional, but their version was also one of the funniest comics to appear since the early '60s *Mad*. If you like the current series, fine, but please leave the old one alone. Are there still plans to put out THE SHADOW SPECIAL wrapping up that storyline?

Glenn V. Morrison
Coronado, CA

First of all, Glenn, I'm sorry that you had trouble locating DOC SAVAGE #17, but it wasn't *late. It was out there in time to fill the dramatic gap between issues 5 and 6 of this book. Perhaps you overlooked it in the mass of new comics, or perhaps your dealer either sold out or under-ordered.*

That aside, I'm really curious why Mr. O'Neil's name comes up at all—he has nothing *whatsoever to do with the current DOC SAVAGE. As noted above somewhere, Mike W. Barr is the writer and Jonathan Peterson the editor; if there were a problem with the book's tardiness, they'd be the guys to look to.*

Denny O'Neil is not a particular offender when it comes to lateness, anyway, so I'm at a loss to figure where this personal insight of yours comes from.

And finally, I'm a big fan of the previous incarnations of The Shadow, too, but if THE SHADOW STRIKES! has devoted readers with impeccable taste, what am I gonna do, not *print their letters? And* no, *I have no idea when or if Helfer and Baker are ever going to wrap up their version.*

Join us next issue, why don't you, as we spin a tale of Margo Lane's mysterious past, as it comes back to haunt her *and* the Shadow! The story comes to us courtesy of Gerard Jones, of course, along with guest artists Ron Wagner and Stan Drake (!). Regular artist Ed Barreto is taking the issue off, but *does* provide the cover and returns the following issue—well rested, we hope—for the start of a terrific two-part story set in the Chicago of the 1930's.

Don't miss any of this or we *will* miss you. Take care, 'bye.

—Brian

NEXT ISSUE